

More Official Tyranny.

"Thar's somethin' in this hyar paper, Jasiah, about a Governor bureau for the Indians," observed Mrs. Hayseed.

"Ha," came from Josiah, accompanied by an angry snort. "Another expense to be saddled onto the sufferin' taxpayers of this tax-ridden land! Another scheme for extortin' the dollars from the pockets of a downtrodden people! Of course thet blamed gang o' savages out West must hev a bureau. They couldn't manage to git along without it. A bureau is necessary to their heathenish happiness, and so this hyar Governor ment steps in an' gives them a bureau to be paid for by the chaps who earn their bread by the sweat o' their brow. Oh, yes; the Indians must hev a bureau, while I, Josiah Hayseed, a citizen an' a taxpayer, hev to pay my share toward gittin' it fer them, an' am obliged to content myself with a six by eight lookin' glass an' a dry goods box. Dod rot sech a dod-blanked country, anyhow!"

His modest Request.

RAGGED REUBE—I don't care to ask ye for alms, fair lady. No, I merely seeks de aid of yer skillful needle. May I rely on yer assistance?

HOUSEWIFE—Certainly, my poor man. What can I do for you with my needle?

RAGGED REUBE—I has here a button, mum, and I hopes ye will be kind enough to sew a shirt on it fer me.

Gloves.

The world had moved, and now access to no field of endeavor was denied to women.

"No," the lady pugilist protested earnestly, "we have no purpose to use gloves not sanctioned by law, and if the police are not satisfied with my assurance, they may come themselves and count the buttons."

Answered.

MOTHER—Well, what did the minister ask you to-day, Willie?

WILLIE—He asked me what I'd hev done if I'd lived durin' the flood.

MOTHER—And what did you tell him?

WILLIE—I told him I wouldn't a done a t'ing but fish an' swim.

Another Veteran.

FIRST VETERAN—So you fought all through the war, did you?

SECOND VETERAN—Yes.

FIRST VETERAN—I didn't know you were in the war.

SECOND VETERAN—Neither I was. I was at home with my wife.

Up to Date.

BENSON—I see the "red headed girl and the white horse" expression has been slightly altered.

DENSON—What's the change?

BENSON—Why, if you see a girl now you are sure to see a white bicycle.

At Sunday School.

TEACHER—What is your name?

PUPIL—N-or-M.

TEACHER—Who gave you this name?

PUPIL (candidly)—I dunno. All the folks I know calls me Johnny.

Worse Than a Showstorm.

LORD DE LIVERUS—It—aw—seems to—aw—me you have to spend a great deal of money on the Street Cleaning Department in New York. Why is it you 'ave to?

OLD BILLIONS—We have to remove the "b's" dropped by our English visitors.

From Sandwich to Sandwich.

"Strange about that saloon keeper who was ruined by the Raines bill and gave up his Raines hotel."

"What's strange?"

"He has become a sandwich man."

How They Went.

THE ADMIRER OF HEROES—And I suppose you were overjoyed when you got the order to embark for the scene of war?

THE HERO—Oh, yes. We went into a regular transport.

The Test of Friendship.

FIRST ARKANSAS MOUNTAINEER—Say, Joe, hev yo' got anythin' agin me as a man?

SECOND DITTO—No, of co'se not, Tom.

"Anythin' agin me as a friend?"

"No."

"Sartinly not."

"And yo' feel that yo' kin trust me?"

"O co'se. What is it, Tom?"

"Kin I speak right out, Joe?"

"Fur suah."

"Well, then, hand me that plug o' terbacker yo' jest bought at the stob and don't watch me while I bite off a hunk!"

A Chestnut Fresh from Kansas.

CLARENCE—Why were they called "the wise men of the East?"

MR. CALLIPERS—Because they travelled west, my son.

A New Hero.

The African explorer sat in lonely solitude; The arctic hero by himself was left to pine and brood;

The handsome Cuban patriot, who bore a hundred scars, No longer found an audience to hear his tales of wars.

The centre rush who'd killed his man unworshipped stood apart;

The foreign count had not a soul to seek his hand and heart.

The company were gathered round that hero, new and rare—

The man who'd safely crossed the cable track at Union square.

No Wonder.

RAG DOLL—Why so sad?

PAPER DOLL—Can't you see? I've been cut out!

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.



"My poor man, I would gladly aid you, but I have not a cent with me."

"Sweet lady, a kiss from dy fair lips 'ud be wort' t'ousands of dollars t' yourn truly!"

His Views Changed.

ORTHO DOX—But you used to laugh at the very idea of Jonah's living three days and three nights inside of a whale.

HETERO DOX—Yes, I know; but you see I've lived in a Harlem flat over three months since then.

Growing Nicely, Thank You.

OLD NUTTE—What! More bills to pay? I thought you assured me that you had sown all your wild oats.

YOUNG NUTTE—So I have. These bills are for cultivating the crop, sir.

The Only Way to Find Them.

BLACK—I'd ask you up, but my wife is cleaning house.

WHITE—In the middle of Winter? What's that for?

BLACK—Because I'm all out of collar buttons.

Among the Assets.

ASSIGNEE—This horseshoe on the desk was picked up in the road by Cohen the very day before he failed in business. I guess the old superstition about their bringing luck is no good.

GOLDSTEIN—I subboose noht. Say, would you take twenty dollars for dot shoe?"

She Had Figured It All Out.

EBERS—Men take women for what they are worth.

MARIE (not a Juno by any means)—I doubt that. From my observations I should say that men take women for their face value only.

Very Likely.

GLADYS—Why, bless my soul! Just look at Mrs. Beefand. She is getting as stout as a market woman.

GRACE—She is probably training to be Marie Antoinette at the next fancy ball.

They Were Related.

"I notice," said the affable manager of the Summer theatre to the leading lady, "quite a strong resemblance between the soubrette and yourself. Although you do not look it," he continued gallantly, "may I ask if your relations are not those of mother and daughter?"

"Yes, sir," said the leading lady, gazing proudly at the winsome form of the "Little Cyclone of Meriment," "and mamma carries her years well, doesn't she?"

As Good as a Boarding House.

COLONEL PEPPERS—You were lost on the desert for three weeks once, Professor?

PROFESSOR—Yes.

COLONEL PEPPERS—How did you manage for food?

PROFESSOR—Splendidly. There were lots of wind currents, you know, and these, mixed with the sand, made me imagine I was eating prunes.

He Knew.

"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths, and the eighths into sixteenths. Into what could the sixteenths be cut?"

"Hash," responded Tommy, whose mother kept a boarding house. And the class in fractions was dismissed.

His Call.

HASKINS—I once knew a man reared in the midst of crime who was finally called to the chair of a large institution.

PERKINS—Well, that is an example of what a man can do in spite of his surroundings. Was it a chair in an American college?

HASKINS—No, the electric chair in Sing Sing.

Appropriate.

"What would you consider a suitable inscription for your departed husband?" asked the tombstone man.

"Just put his name in raised letters," sobbed the widow.

Poor woman! She alone knew that he had been a successful forger all through life.

A Warm Reception.

It was 3 a. m. He had just come home. She regarded him for a moment in silence. At length she spoke. Furthermore, she spoke at length.

Lost a Friend.

VISITOR—But why does the undertaker grieve so much?

NATIVE—The deceased was the only doctor in town.

The Jester.

COBWIGGER—Poor Wagg! He was a most genial soul.

MERRITT—Yes, indeed he was. The only thing he ever took seriously was the cold that killed him.

Request Granted.

"Father, please drag my name in the dust."

It was a strange plea. Reluctantly the father appeared to insert his son's name in the will.

Much Better for the Purpose.

DRUMMER (to woman traveller)—Pardon me, madam, but would you mind lending me a handkerchief to wipe the dust off my face?

WOMAN—I have a pumice stone for my nails which you might use instead. Contract with brass would injure my handkerchief.

The Greater Misfortune.

INTERESTED ACQUAINTANCE—I hear your house was entered by burglars last night. Did they get anything?

MR. NEWLYBLESSED (sleepily)—No, but they woke the baby!

A Level Headed Guy.

BUNKO BILL—That guy was so level headed I kind o' hated to swipe his roll.

STEERING SAM—How's that, pardner?

BUNKO BILL—Before leavin' Hickory Corners he bought a return ticket.